

MARVEL
16th June 90

THE REAL

Nº105 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
OVER-BOOKED!

MIGHT AS WELL
SHELVE OUR
OTHER CASES!

ISSN 0954-9404



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In this week's ectoplasmically exciting edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, Egon, Ray and Winston try to bring to book several vampiric volumes and boy, have they got a battle on their hands! So if you want to stay in the Ghostbusters' good books, you had better turn to this week's **Winston's Diary** straight away! Aside from that, Peter and the rest of the gang are called in to help the Pentagon with a paranormal problem in **Military Mite**! What is the terrible weapon that the army has developed and will The Real Ghostbusters be able to escape in time? As if that wasn't enough on it's own, there is a two-page story of **Blimey! It's Slimer** and the second thrilling instalment of **Video Nasties**! So what more can you ask for?

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



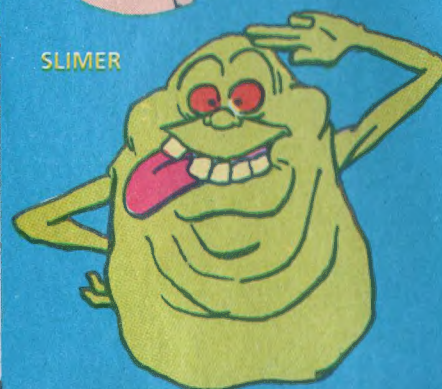
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STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

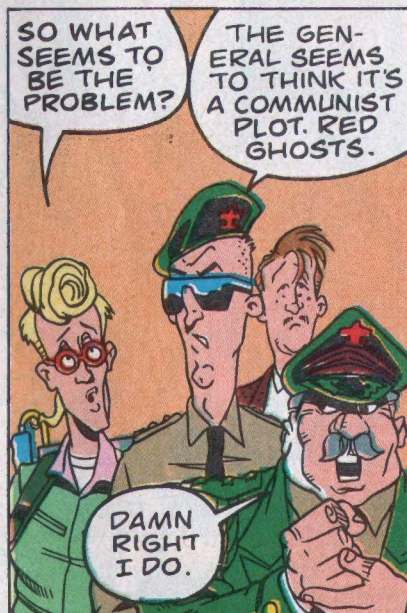
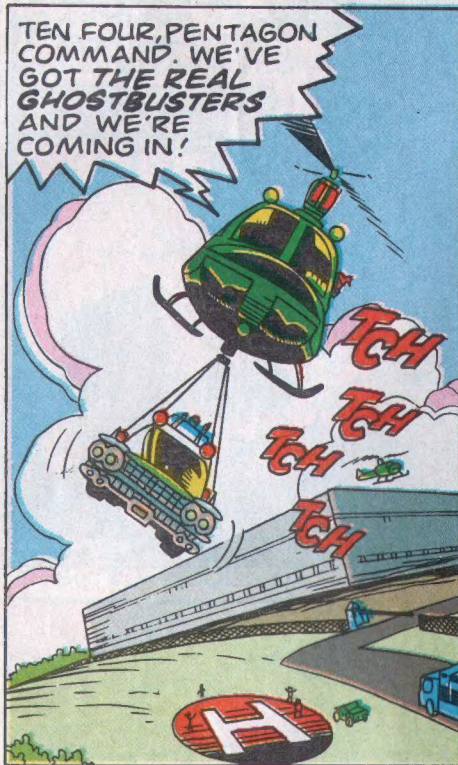


JANINE
MELNITZ



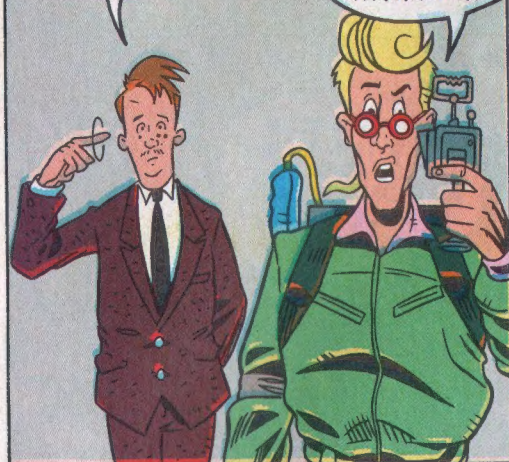
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



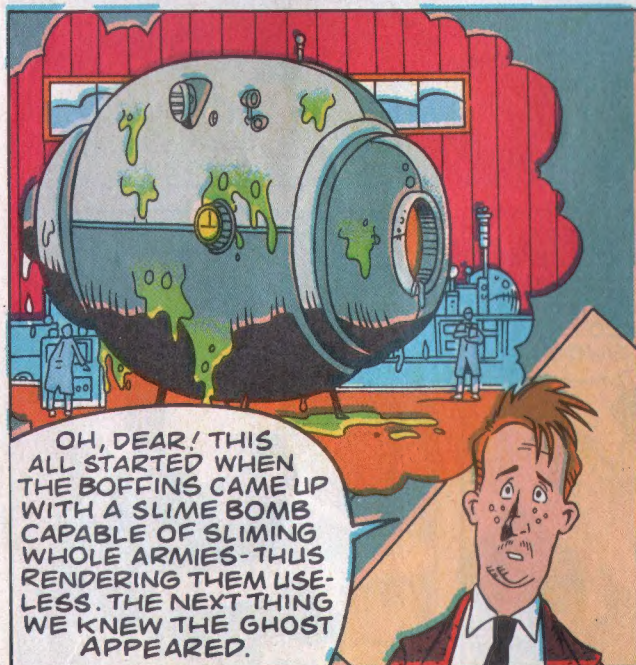
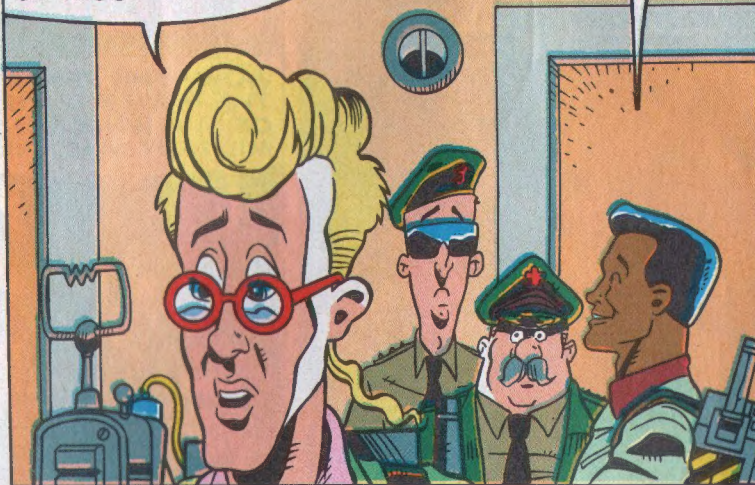
I'M SORRY ABOUT THE MAJOR AND THE GENERAL, THEY'RE A BIT MAD. BUT IT IS A GHOST, ISN'T IT?

YES, I'M NOT SURE WHAT TYPE YET, BUT THE SUB-IONIC INTER-FERENCE SUGGESTS ...MMM!

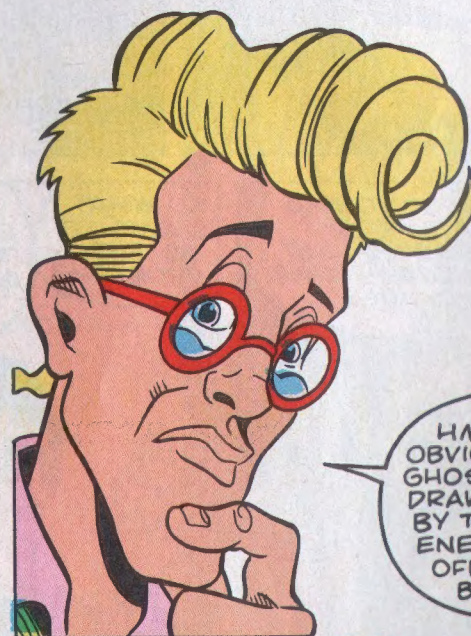


A MILITARY MITE. AN ENTITY WHOSE ECTO-PLASMIC MOLECULES VIBRATE FASTER THAN THE OSCILLATING PARTICLES THAT MAKE UP MOST THINGS.

WHAT EGON MEANS IS THAT IT MOVES FAST AND WILL BE HARD TO TRAP!



OH, DEAR! THIS ALL STARTED WHEN THE BOFFINS CAME UP WITH A SLIME BOMB CAPABLE OF SLIMING WHOLE ARMIES-THUS RENDERING THEM USELESS. THE NEXT THING WE KNEW THE GHOST APPEARED.

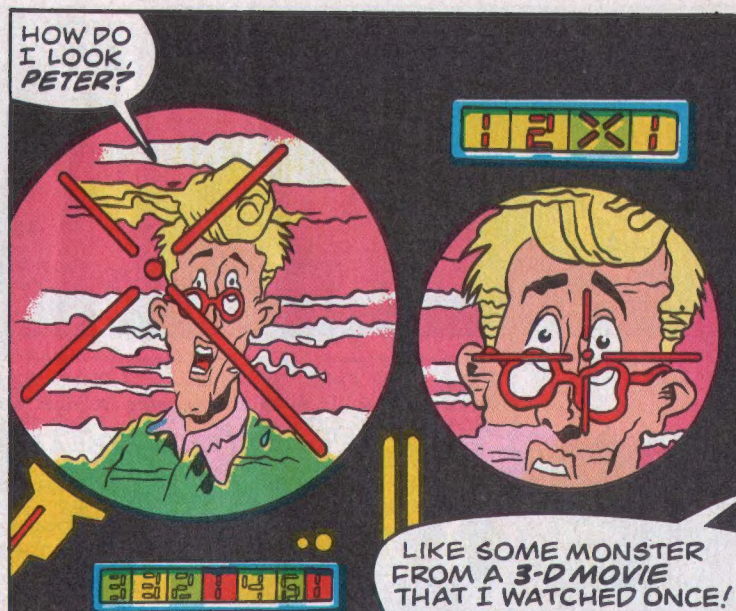


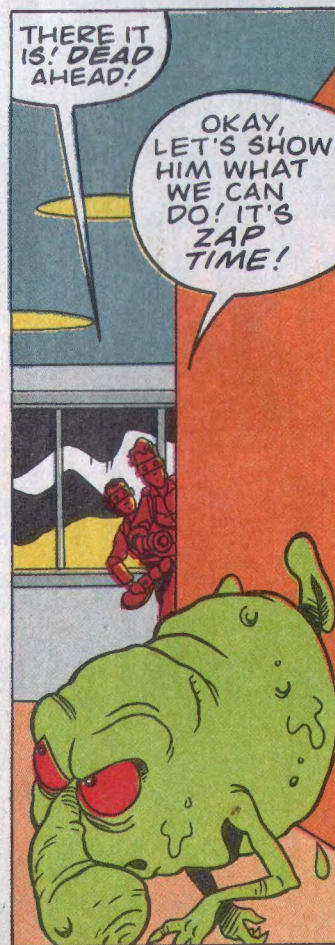
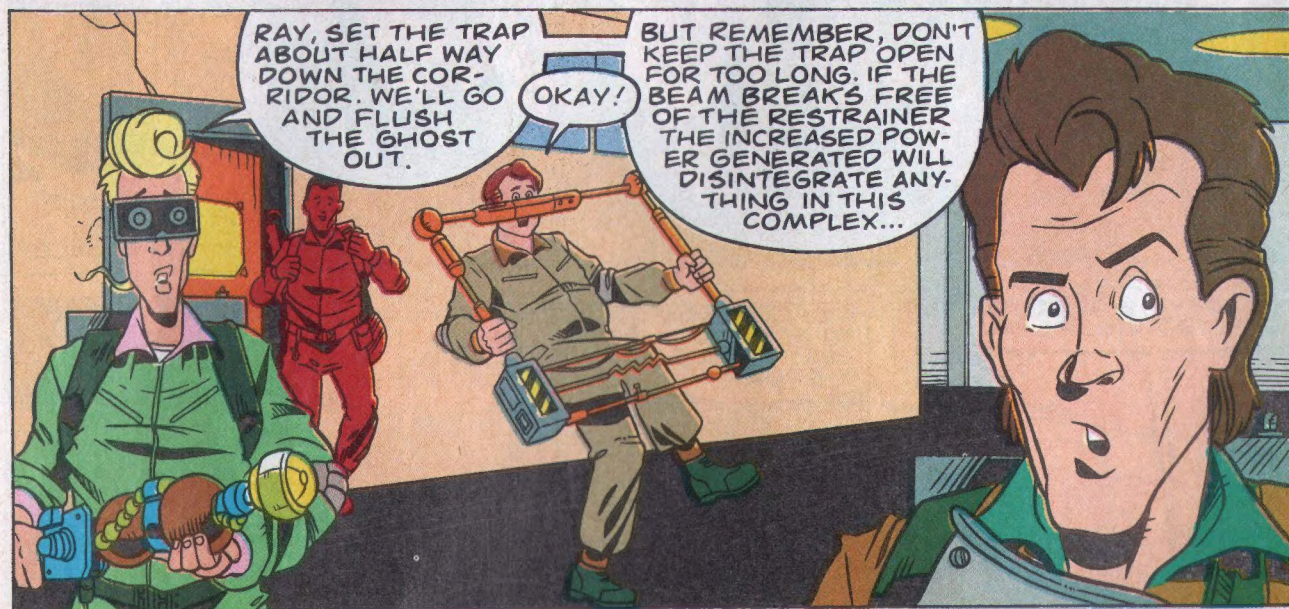
HMMM! OBVIOUSLY THE GHOST WAS DRAWN HERE BY THE PK ENERGY GIVEN OFF BY THE BOMB.



WELL YOU'D BETTER CATCH IT, OR WE'LL SLIME THE ENTIRE BUILDING!

DON'T WORRY, MAJOR, THIS GHOST IS HISTORY!







KABOOM!



Hanna-Barbera



**NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!**



**PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!**



**MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!**



CARTOON TIME

(Not to mention the Oxford English Dictionary!)

**24 FULL COLOUR PAGES EVERY
FORTNIGHT!**

MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

At last week's Occult Librarian and Gromoirist Fair in New York, I was amazed to find a whole range of new and interesting publications available to the amateur paranormal enthusiast. Here's a quick run-down of the best and the worst for all you budding experts so you can pick and choose the latest additions to your bookshelves. Usual ratings apply.

Hembolt's Astrolabus

A welcome re-issue for the classic sixteenth century study of Supercosmic navigation and finding a service station on the M25. Whilst the ecto-sextant has long been out-moded by the parallax-gyro compass, the principles in the work, which guided Hembolt from Kzrank's Canyons through the Desert of Disappointment to the putrid, porous peaks of Pingstrup (a voyage undertaken wearing only shorts, a kagoul, num-bly boots and some cheap plastic thulking straps) still apply today. The only question the work doesn't answer is *why* Hembolt mounted the expedition. His remark 'I did it for charity' has never really rung true for me. Frustrating ***.

Benedict Snape's Curious Booke

A fully revised and edited



PART 105

edition of Snape's groundbreakingly curious book. I say groundbreaking, I actually mean *backbreaking*. A triangular volume measuring fourteen feet down the spine and weighing in at just under three tons, the *Curious Booke* is at the very least that – curious. As far as being a good source of ghost facts – I can't comment. I've never been able to lift it, let alone read it. Curious*.

Woo-Hoo, I Don't Like The Smell Of This One

Volume seventeen of Vondahuck's cheery and informal autobiography. I think it's a little sad that he, possibly the foremost spook authority in the world, has devoted all his time to his autobiography for the last

nine years. Since volume six, they've all been about nothing except writing his autobiography. Certainly this is not as good as the earlier classics *Uh-Huh*, *A Devilish Sound And A Devilish Pong* and *Attention – Serious Trouble and Serious Stench*. Odorous **.

The Windows Of The Eldritch

Kessley's brave attempt to update the original second century Erudlian manuscript falls flat on a number of accounts – the truthfulness of the original is in doubt and the original doesn't even exist anymore. Kessley doesn't speak Erudlian and therefore has been forced to base his book on wild surmises made by his six year old son, Toby. Still, a vivid and thought provoking book – did the Erudlians always insist on going to bed with Teddy? Did a story before lights out keep the little pixies away? Did they really not get enough pocket money? Further research is pending. Infantile **.


Wilker's Psalter

Easily digestible, this tasty work is a delicious read and is bound to make a packet. Available in ready psalted and psalt and vinegar versions. Crisp ****.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Thursday, 7th June 1990

Read any good books lately? I haven't. I've been dodging a good few, though.

Howard Hugh Jetty III was one of the richest men in the world before he died. He was technically one of the richest men in the world after he died too, but the cash didn't come in quite so handy then. Jetty was one of the most eccentric and reclusive multi-trillionaires in history, and spent his life in the massive mansion he had built for himself near Philadelphia, roaming about his enormous library, and looking up things in this three million-plus books. Then he died suddenly of old age and boredom. It took three weeks for anyone to find out. *That's* how big his pad was.

Anyway, we got a call from the estate administrators who had been brought in to tidy up Jetty's affairs following his funeral. They told us that they were having 'trouble' getting into the library wings of the massive house and could we go take a look see. So we did.



The place really was massive and the caretakers seemed rather unwilling to tell us much about the problem. They pointed us in the direction of the library and let us get on with it. With a shrug I opened the door to the first library room, Egon and Ray close behind me.

'Wow!' I said.

The room was huge and went on for miles. It looked like a sports stadium filled with books – books on shelves, books in stacks

books in piles, book pyramids and book steeples.



'Wow!' echoed Egon and Ray. 'This is the first of six library rooms,' said Egon. We all said 'wow' a couple more times. It took us ten minutes to walk to the other end of the library room to the next door. Beyond that, another, similarly mammoth room opened out before us. It was full of books too.

'What do you gather from this?' asked Egon.

'Jetty liked books?' I asked.

'No,' Egon snapped back as if I'd said the sort of thing Peter might say. 'His house truly is huge – we could see that when we drove up. But it certainly isn't big enough to house six library rooms if they're all this big.'

'Are you insinuating some sort of spatial distortion?' asked Ray.

'No,' I said, 'I'm just scratching my shoulder...' but he wasn't talking to me.

'Precisely,' replied Egon. I coughed politely. 'You wanna tell me what's going on?' I asked.

'Sometimes accumulated knowledge... particularly spiritual knowledge, and I've already seen copies of Vondahuck and Tobin, – sometimes such a concentration can become unstable if stored together for too long. The very power of all these books has warped the library into another dimension and the power is growing all the time. We could be in serious trouble here.'

'What sort of trouble?' Ray and I queried.

'WHU-KK-KK!' replied Egon as a copy of Lompdon's *Birds of North America* travelling at about twenty miles an hour struck him on the back of the head. We picked him up and dusted him down.

'If the psychic knowledge stored here in all these books does overload,' he stammered, 'each and every book could start taking on the characteristics of its subject matter.' *Birds of North America* flapped its covers and fluttered round for another pass as us, swinging steeply down into a bombing run between the book stacks. 'Looks like it's already happening,' remarked Ray.



Then everything went haywire and we ran for it. Catalogues of *Twentieth Century Shark Attacks* snapped at our heels with big sharp pointy teeth. Journals of explosive demolition erupted into flames on either side. Priggley's *Encyclopedia of Fast Bowlers* tore past my ear like a bullet. Dupres's *Anacondas and Other Worryingly Big Snakes* elongated itself and sped after us, gulping down a couple of kick stools that were in its path.

'If this is happening to the minor books,' yelled Egon as we pelted down the rows of shelves, 'I hope we don't run into anything serious.'

We ran straight into the large print Unspeakably Occult section about three seconds later. Behind us, the tidal wave of animated books screeched to a halt and huddled, baying, slithering and barking at the entrance to the section.

'They're not following us in here,' said Ray. 'I wonder why..?'

In answer, some really bad things started to happen in the occult section. Crabtree's *Chronicle of the Gozerians* began to expand into a vast and fleshy white shape. Bickley's *My Dinner With Ponquadrakor* sprouted four arms, each waving a big scythe. Vondahucks *Illustrated Scream Haggards of the Other Worlds* grew the biggest teeth I've ever seen. Blaine's *Elementary Problems of the Major Pit Fiends* did something unmentionable.

Egon had a resigned look on his face.

'This is unbelievably serious, right?' I asked him.

'Right,' he said.

'Cross the streams, then?' asked Ray.

Egon nodded and fired up his Proton Gun.

'Yeah, yeah... cross the streams...'

Pages from the books covered about half a square mile after the explosion, like a paper snowdrift. As we waded out of the mansion ruins, paper blowing all around us, a police cruiser screeched up and two cops leapt out to investigate the massive disturbance.

As they spotted us, one yelled to the other, 'It's those trouble makers again! Book 'em!'

'Don't you start!' I warned him. 'You may have us covered, but we've turned over a new leaf, so shelve your complaints and let's bring this chapter to a close.'

Ray tapped my arm. 'Shhhh' he said.



BORING KARLOFF


The Real Ghostbusters had never tangled with such a nondescript and bland ghost in all their career, but that didn't mean that this Russian revenant was any less of a threat than your average Class five, full-torso Phantom. The CIA called in the Ghostbusters to rid them of this monotonous monster that had performed such sleep-inducing tricks as moving a few paper clips two inches to the left, and then. . . moving them back again!

The Real Ghostbusters were up against something pretty uninteresting, but Peter Venkman saved the day by coming up with a

fool-proof plan. He arranged for the conference centre, that was just around the corner from the CIA base, to host an International Spore and Fungus Convention. Peter reckoned the ghost was so addicted to boredom that an event as tedious as this would be irresistible to him. Egon, though, had second thoughts as to why such an exciting exhibition would attract the ghost.

Nevertheless, Boring Karloff did turn up and was promptly despatched to the relative excitement of the Containment Unit. Though Peter reckoned he had better stay well clear of Egon for the next couple of days.





DEAD TRUE!

So, you thought that ghosts were only to be found in dark, and dingy castles, or on lonely moors? Well, some happen to prefer the comfort of a major airport. Heathrow, to be exact! If you're surprised, imagine how one particular airline stewardess felt when she heard an animal-like sound in the staff car park. She turned around expecting to see a large dog, but was met instead by the warmth of breath on her face and neck. After relating the odd experience to a colleague, she was told that the spirit of highwayman Dick Turpin is reputed to haunt the area where she had parked her car. A number of people have had the same experience but there seems to be no logical

explanation for the weird noises.

Another ghost who feels at home in the London airport is known as 'the ghost in the light grey suit.' This spectral businessman inhabits the VIP lounge in the European section of Terminal One. A distinguished African diplomat found himself unable to relax any longer in the VIP suite once he sighted a pair of grey trousers walking towards him — minus the top half of the body! One of the catering staff reported that the diplomat was absolutely terrified by the experience and had fled from the lounge, swearing never to return to the area again. The catering supervisor believes that in the case of this particular ghost, there was to be no cause for alarm as the ghostly grey trousers

appear to be quite friendly.

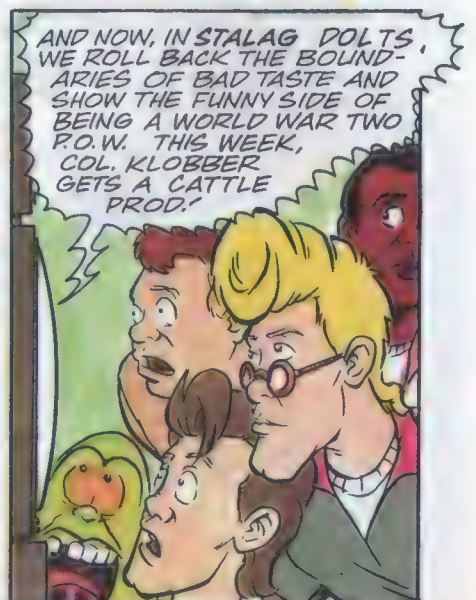
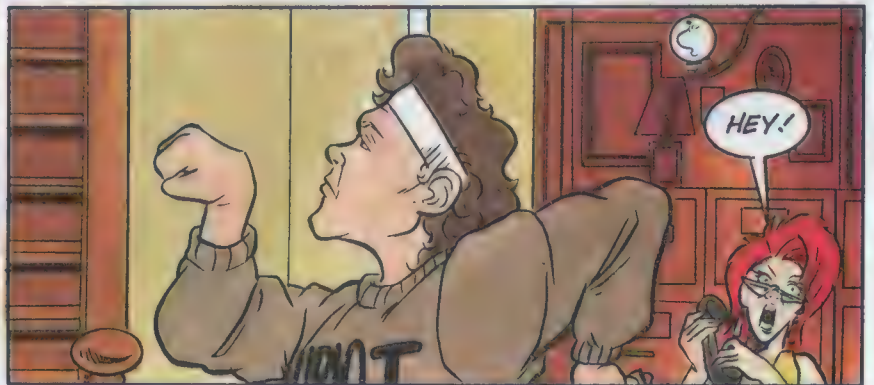
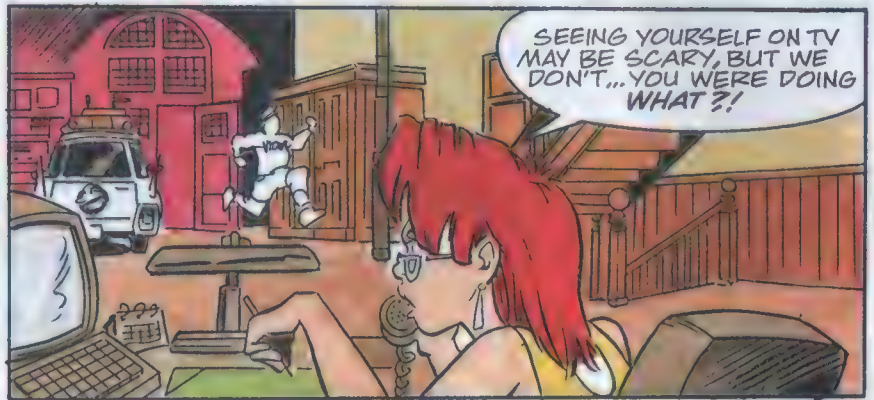
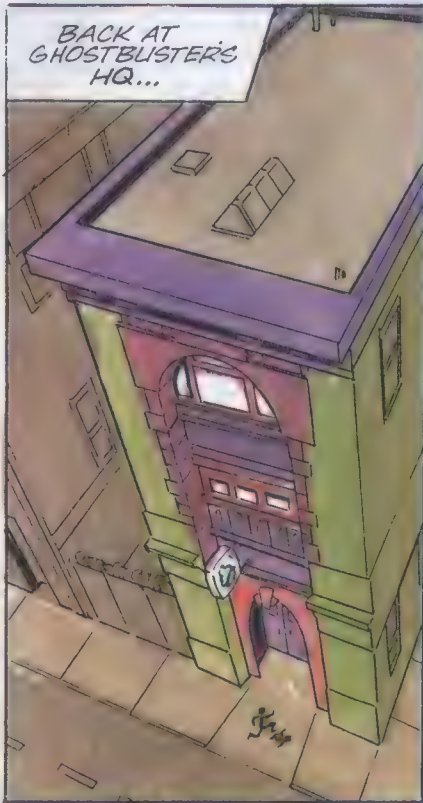
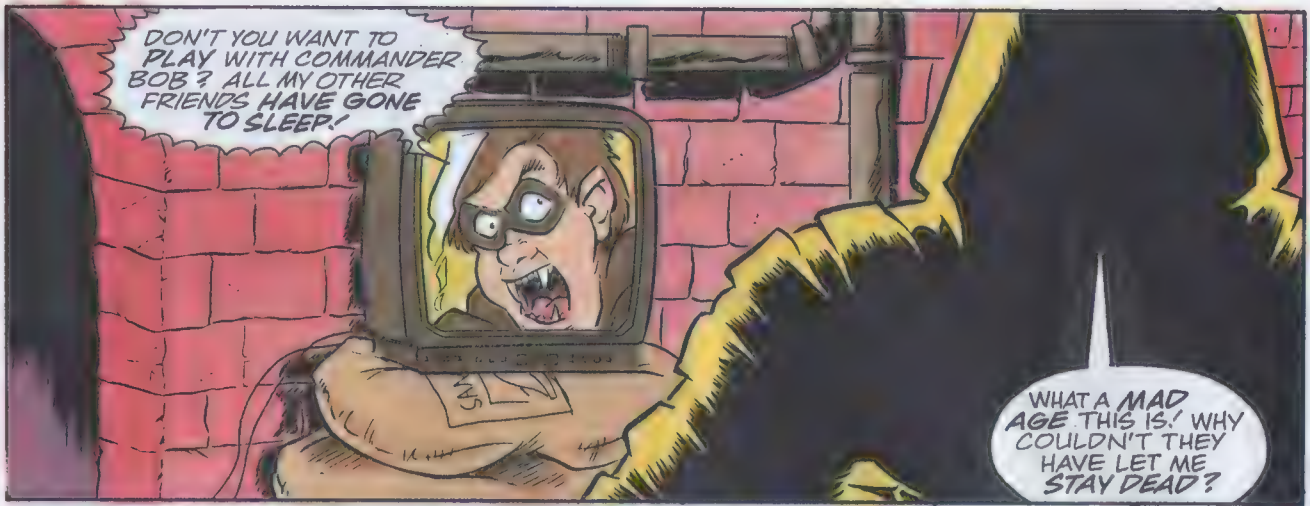
An airport police-woman who has also experienced a strange presence in the lounge finds it rather difficult to accept. Although she had always dismissed the possibility of supernatural beings, she could find no logical explanation for her similar 'encounter'.

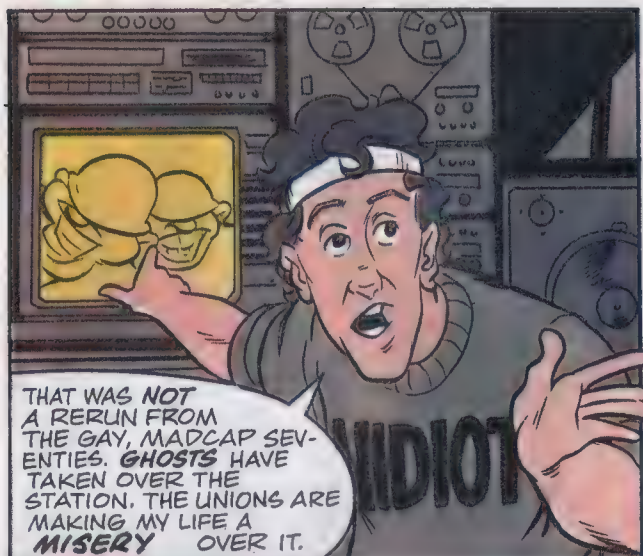
On 2nd March 1948, a tragic accident occurred on Runway One resulting in the loss of twenty-two lives, mainly involving businessmen. When rescue workers were clearing away the wreckage, they were confronted by a bowler-hatted gentleman, somewhat concerned at having lost his briefcase. The figure is said to be around six feet tall and has been sighted on numerous occasions since then, still searching for his luggage!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

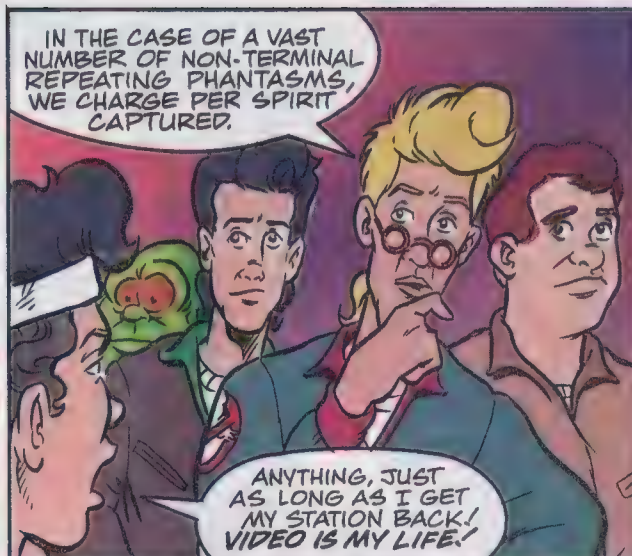
Part Two: Peter's favourite television station has been overrun with ghosts, and they have started to broadcast their own shows.







THAT WAS NOT A RERUN FROM THE GAY, MADCAP SEVENTIES. GHOSTS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE STATION. THE UNIONS ARE MAKING MY LIFE A MISERY OVER IT.



IN THE CASE OF A VAST NUMBER OF NON-TERMINAL REPEATING PHANTASMS, WE CHARGE PER SPIRIT CAPTURED.

ANYTHING, JUST AS LONG AS I GET MY STATION BACK! VIDEO IS MY LIFE!



YOU MEAN YOUR LIFE IS FLAT AND TWO-DIMENSIONAL?



BOY, CAN HE GET ANY LUGLIER?



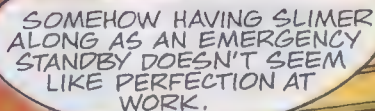
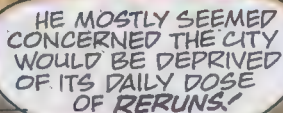
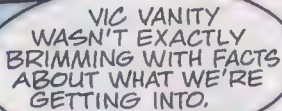
HEY!

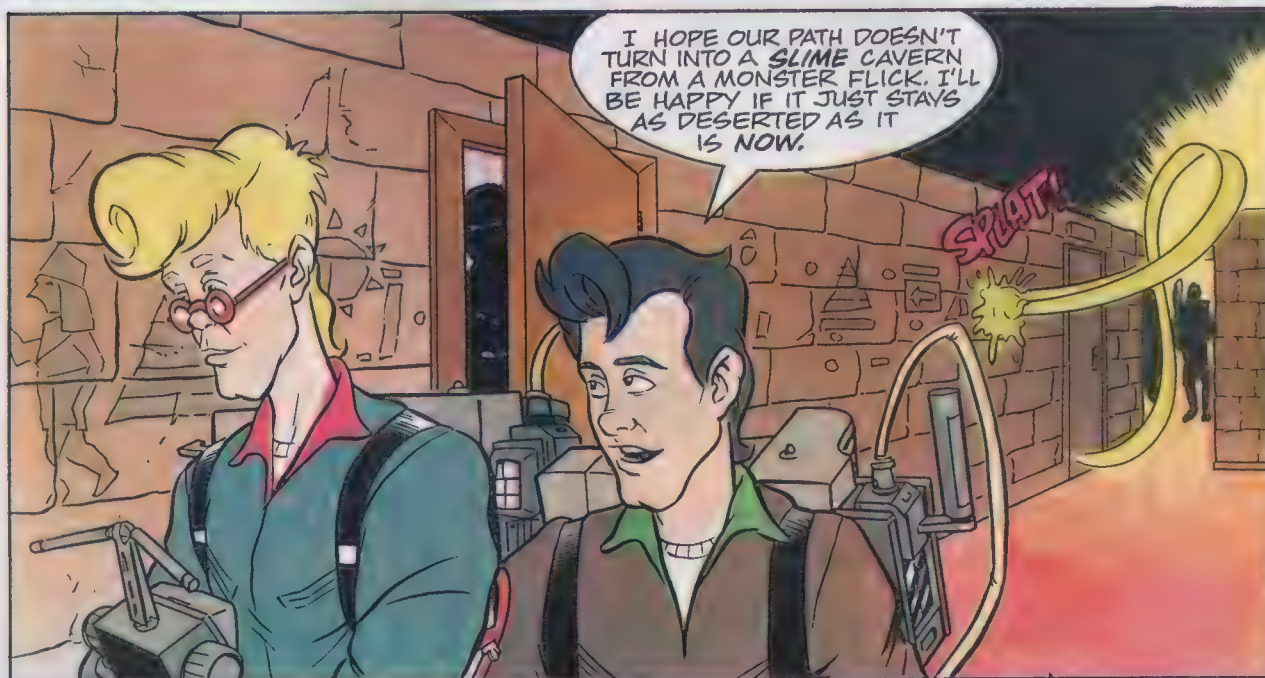
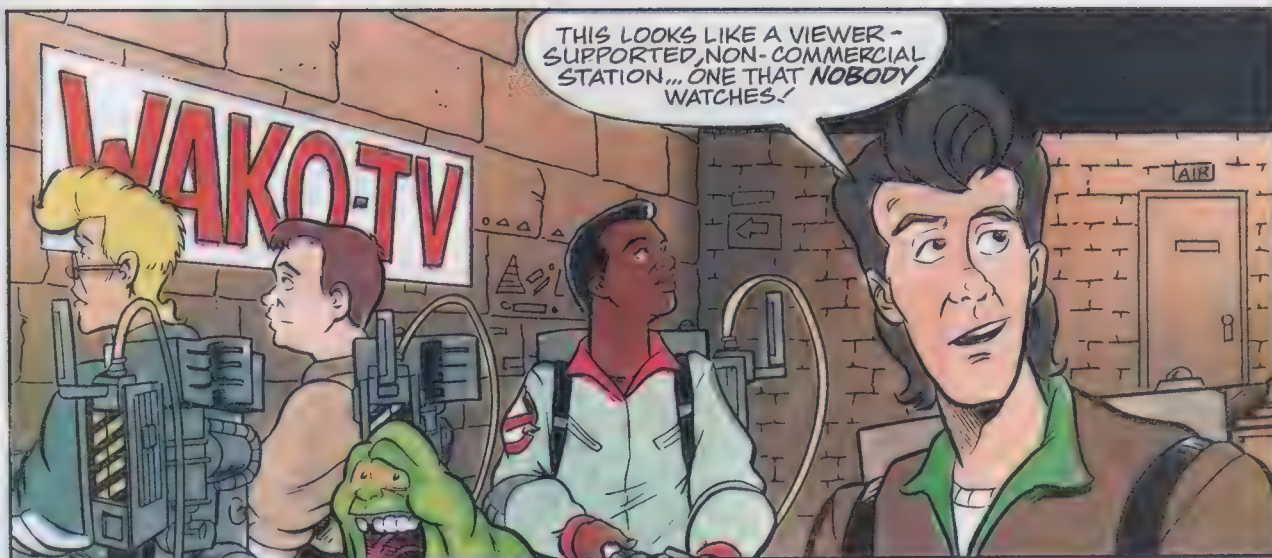
WE'LL GET RIGHT ON IT. CAN'T YOU TELL US MORE ABOUT THE MANIFESTATIONS?

THEY'RE THERE AND THEY'VE TAKEN OVER! THAT'S ALL I KNOW!



WELL, GOTTA RUN. CAN'T BE LATE FOR MY TANNING APPOINTMENT! I JUST LOVE FEELING THE TICKLE OF INTENSE ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION.





SLIMER!

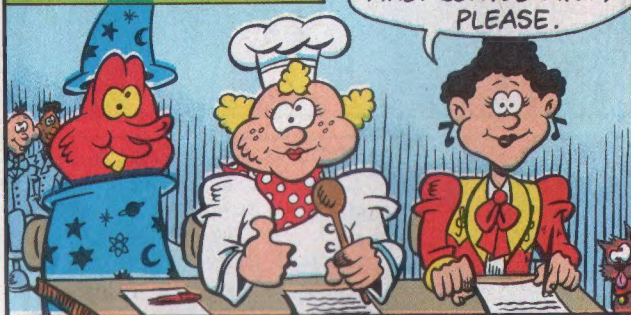
IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



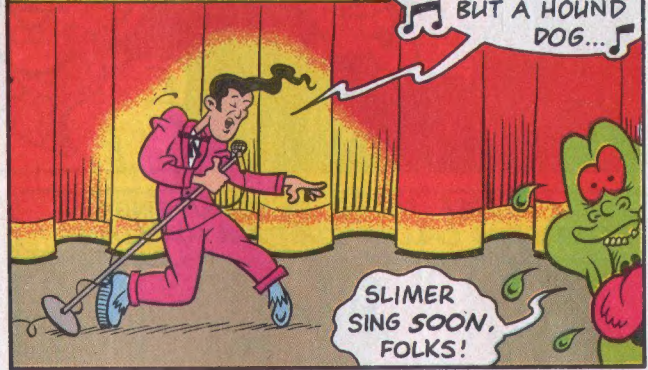
ON SALE EVERY MONTH
From **Marvel**

it's SLIMER!

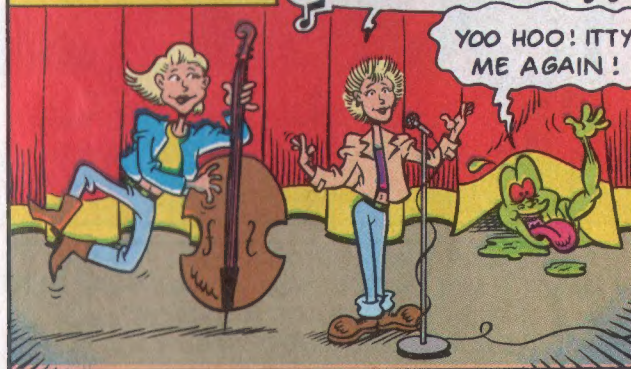
WIZ, MINNIE THE MAD CHEF AND PROFESSOR BACKBEAT ARE JUDGING THE GRAND MUSICAL TALENT COMPETITION...



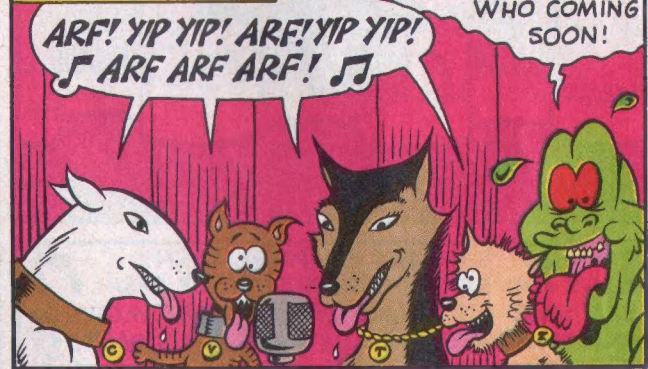
PELVIS (CRAZY LEGS) JONES...



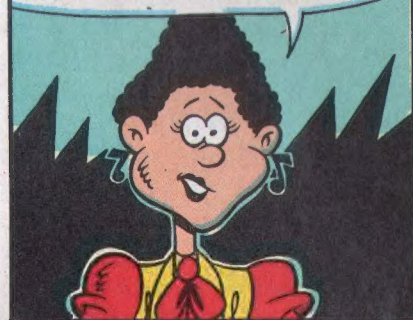
CLEO AND McLOUD...



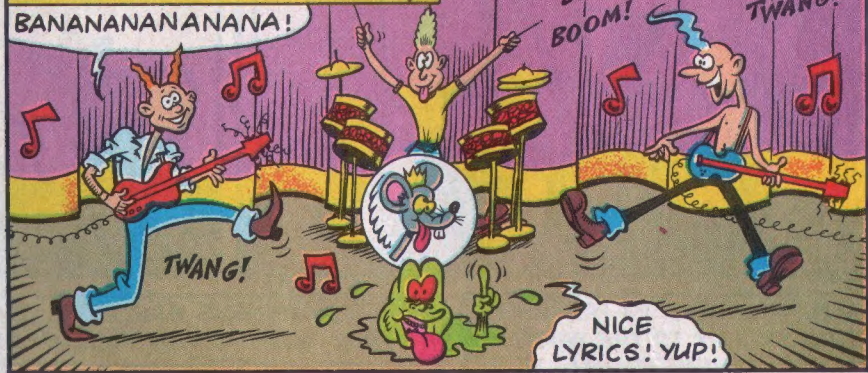
THE COLD NOSES...



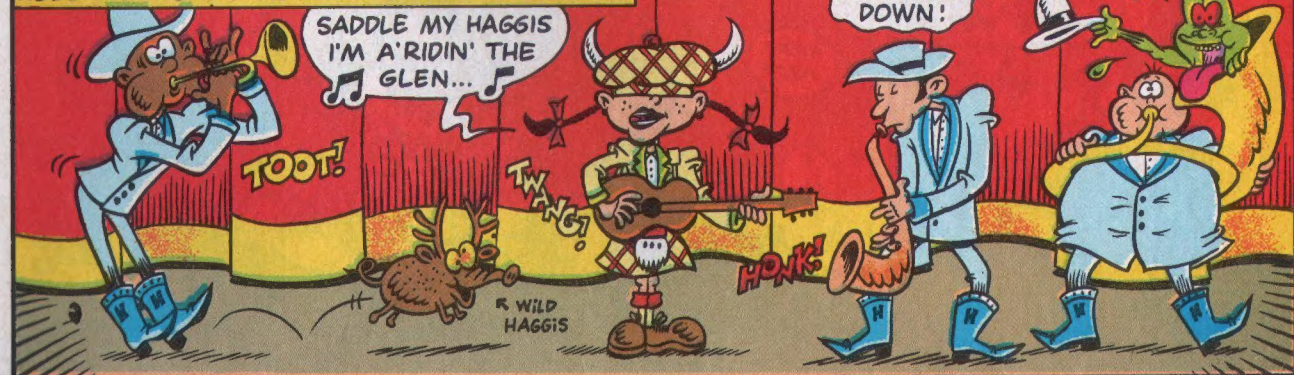
SLIMER'S SUCH AN EAGER BEAVER! THE PEST CAN'T WAIT TO GET ON STAGE !!



THE INCREDIBLE KING BLURT...



HELEN McHORN, THE CALEDONIAN COWGIRL...



THE STUPIFIED JUDGES ARE SUITABLY STUNNED BY THE SUPERB STANDARD OF SINGING...

WOW! IT'S
MAGIC!

THEY'RE REALLY
COOKING!

IT'S TIME FOR THE FINAL
CONTESTANT! HEEERE'S
SLIMER !!

HOWDY DOODEE, FOLKS! I'M GONNA SING A
LITTLE SONG CALLED "JUST ASK FOR SLIMER."

IF YOU BAKE A CAKE FULLA JAM,
JUST CALL ME WHEREVER I AM!
JAM IN A CAKE - THERE
NOTHING FINER!
WHAT DO YOU DO - JUST
ASK FOR SLIMER!

IF YOU GOT BANGERS OR PIE'N'MASH!
DON'T YOU BE SILLY. DON'T YOU BE RASH!
SEE YOUR WATCH, AND LOOK AT THE TIMER!
ONE, TWO OR THREE, JUST ASK FOR SLIMER!

SO IF YOU EVER GOT NOSH!
I NOT CARE IF YOU POSH!
IF YOU EVER MAKE A SNACK!
YOU BETTER STAND BACK!
I'M A GREEDY, GREEN GHOST, AND NOBODY FINER!
SO WHATCHA GONNA DO? JUST ASK FOR SLIMER!

NOW IT'S TIME TO PRESENT
THIS TROPHY TO THE WINNER
OF THE COMPETITION!

ME! ME! ME! ME!
ME! ME! ME! ME!

AND THE WINNERS ARE... THE COLD
NOSES! HOW DO YOU FEEL, DOGS?

RAUF!

ARF!
ARF!

YIP!
YIP!

WELL I BE DOGGONED!
SLIMER IS BARKING
UP WRONG TREE!

GH^{OST} WRITING!



It's your Uncle Peter here again! Ready to do battle with some more of your terrifying letters!

Dear Peter...

Can you each answer my questions:

1. Peter, in an earlier edition of 'Ghost Writing', you said you got on well with Winston, but in one story you called him 'pathetic' and told him to get lost. What do you say to that?
2. Ray, where did you learn to become an engineer and electrical expert and why does everybody talk about your smelly socks?
3. Winston, in your diary you always seem to make out that you're the hero. There are never any mention of the others, why is this?
4. Egon, the Proton Packs contain nuclear accelerators. Please explain what they do? What is the world's most famous ghost? What exactly is the Night-Bane Demon? What

is a Stalagwight?
— Paul Shaw, Co. Cork.

1. Well, you know how it is. Even the best of friends can fall out from time to time, he must have just caught me on a bad day. I wouldn't normally speak to Winston like that, Ray maybe, but never Winston. 2. Ray says: Wow, I learnt all those things way back at college and school, but I had to practise a lot to be as knowledgeable as I am now. Oh, and they talk about my smelly socks because, well, it's true I have got smelly feet! 3. Winston says: Hey, that's not true. I do mention the others, it's just that my diary is one of the only places that I can be really honest about what happens without Peter stealing all the limelight! 4. Egon says: The nuclear accelerator is juxtaposed with the flux capacitor, which in turn is run in parallel with the ion particle accumulator. All these apparatus help to speed up the flow of energy through the conductor valve, thus augmenting the power inherent in the break-down of atoms. The world's most famous ghost according to my research and judging by Tobin's in-depth studies, is Mr Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man. The Night-Bane Demon of which Tobin wrote, was a fearsome creature that could assume any shape in order to get close to you and from there it has the ability to affect its victims by generating fear and creating

hallucinations. A very terrifying abomination indeed. The Stalagwight is a strange Earth Elemental that is a cross between a stalagmite and a stalagmite, but the difference lies in the fact that it sticks out sideways from the walls of caves, moaning and groaning. Beware of the big sharp, pointy teeth.

We have some questions for you:

1. Does Egon love Janine?
 2. How old is Slimer?
 3. Where do ghosts come from?
 4. How much money did you get for busting Mr Stay-Puft and who paid it?
 5. Are you a scientist?
- Steven Fishburn and Alex Mesoudi, Watford.

1. Yes, I expect he does love Janine, but in a very brotherly way, I guess. Or a very scientific way, you know what Egon's like. 2. There's no way of knowing, particularly as Slimer's lost count! 3. Ghosts are the restless spirits of people who have died, so they come from anywhere. 4. Not enough and by the city of New York! 5. Yep!

Will you please answer this crucial Ghostbusters question for me?

How much is your electricity bill for the Ecto-containment Unit?

— Andrew McKenzie, N. Ireland.

Too much!

FISHY TALES!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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What do vampires have for lunch if they can't afford steak?
Fangers and mash!
— Kevin Leaver, Northampton

Why do ghosts have so much fun?
Because they're high spirited!

Why did the teacher wear glasses?
Because the class was so bright!
— Paul McNeill, Co. Down

What's the definition of a waste of time?
Telling hair-raising stories to a bald man!

What do you say to a sheep that's been sheared?
Bare, bare black sheep!
— Richard McDonnell, Co. Antrim

Where do vampires post their mail?
At the ghost office!
— Martin Fowler, Clwyd